

Department Store

WRANGELL ALASKA

Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,
Glass, Chinaware, Dry Goods,
Boots, Shoes and Slippers
Logging and Hunting Outfits a Specialty

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS

F. W. CARLYON

U. S. MAIL STEAMER

Peerless

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight, will leave Wrangell
Monday of Each Week
At 6:00 O'Clock, A. M.

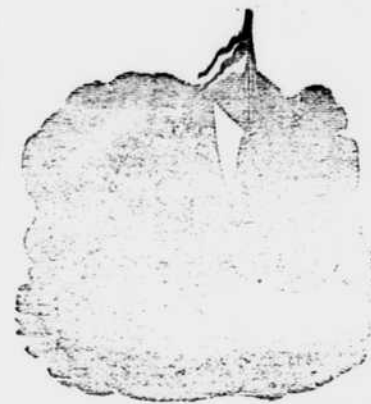
For Woodsy and West Coast Prince of Wales points.

Close connection with Steamer "Spray" for Copper Mountain, Sulzer and all points on the lower end of the Island.

For particulars, call on

CYRUS F. ORR,

Master



Prof. Nash is getting on admirably with the public school.

Rev. H. P. Corser went to Ketchikan by the City of Seattle.

Try Pacific Brand Evaporated Cream, and you'll have none other.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Young came over from Shakan on the Alki, Saturday.

Capt. John Johnson and wife came up from their home at Lincoln Rock, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stockpole came in from the Smith-Hollenbeck logging camp, Saturday.

Attorney Z. R. Cheney returned to his home at Juneau on the up trip of the City of Seattle.

The next term of district court will be held at Ketchikan, commencing Monday, Oct. 2nd.

You may kill eight deer this year if you can find them which any man can do on the adjacent islands.

Bookkeeper W. H. McNair and family are occupying the T. L. Waters residence on Hamilton Heights—one of the coziest in town.

According to what the crew on the Peerless say, we may look for the Challenge in Saturday next, with the canning crew from Klawack.

Several parties went over to Woronofski, last week, and returned home with their vessels filled with those delicious red huckleberries.

The government survey ship Gedney, Capt. Dickens, dropped anchor in this harbor at 4 p. m. Saturday, and remained until Sunday noon.

Mr. John Mantle was up from his ranch and saltery, a day or two last week. Abe Wodage, who had been down to Mr. Mantle's, returned to town.

The regular occasional dance took place Saturday evening, and it is thought another will occur next Saturday evening, at the same place—Red Men's Hall.

Married—At the People's Church, Wrangell, Alaska, Sunday, Sept. 10, 1905, by Rev. Harry P. Corser, Mr. Steve Chernoff and Miss Lillian Kasunk—both natives.

Our merchants are shipping great stacks of goods to the West Coast by every trip of the Peerless. This is good for our merchants and adds largely to the coffers of Capt. Orr.

Messrs. Buell and Ogilvie, two young men in commercial lines, were here last week. Mr. Buell handles the celebrated Pacific Brand Cream, mentioned in our advertising columns.

George McGee came over from Klawack on the last trip of the Peerless, having finished his work for the season. George says the cannery will run for two or three weeks yet, and that up to the time he left they had up about 25,000 cases.

Sim Freeman, who has been here the past four months as inspector of customs, finished the season last week and returned to his home at Juneau on the Seattle. Sim's mainly form and winning ways are greatly missed—especially by a young lady or two.

Townman Bruno Grief believes in keeping things moving. His big brewery building has been standing idle for some time, so he is having the second and third floors put into good, comfortable living and rooming quarters. And he will have some good ones.

Mr. F. G. Strickland came over on the Peerless from Woodsy, to spend Sunday in Wrangell. Mr. Strickland is Lord Mayor, Postmaster and Justice of the Peace at Woodsy, and he says that with T. J. Case as High Sheriff, they have a splendid government.

Harry Brice went to Ketchikan last week, remained a day or two and then returned on the Peerless. Harry says that Ketchikan, Mr. M. R. Rosenthal went with him, and Harry persuaded him to go on below, to take a much needed rest and get him away from business cares.

The Wrangell correspondent to the Record-Miner says: "There is a bright prospect for several big changes in town, and you may soon see a good sized factory in running shape, a new wharf and a cold storage plant, etc." That writer usually knows what he is talking about.

The Sexton entered last week in stating that the name of the teacher for the native school was "Mary McLean." The name of the new teacher is Lenora Easter, and she is from Missouri. Miss McLean, we believe, is employed at some point on the west coast P. W.

A granite monument weighing 2800 lbs., was recently shipped to this place from below. It is to be placed at the grave of Shadesty, step-father of Mrs. Fred Wigg. It is a perfect image of a huge bear, sitting up on his haunches, indicating that Shadesty was a prominent member of the Bear tribe.

Capt. Orr proposes to have more room and better accommodation for passengers on the steamer Peerless, and to that end carpenters Cole and Noble went to work Sunday, lengthening and widening her house. The house will be several feet longer and some inches wider, and will make her an excellent passenger craft as well as a good freight carrier.

Messrs. Mersch finished up that Indian school building, last Friday. The building is not a large one, and judging from the size of it and the length of time it has taken to construct it, of the \$6,000, the contract price, it is safe to calculate that a net profit of \$3,000 will be laid aside for a rainy day. We congratulate the contractor on his good fortune, and as Uncle Sam pays the bill, of course he can stand it.

If we hear correctly, the Japanese cook on the Peerless, on the last trip out, was seized with the hallucination that he had trod this mundane sphere long enough, and then repented. Just below Dry Pass he very deliberately threw himself into the sea and tried to sink, but not being able to do that he struck for the shore with all his strength. A boat was lowered and in ten minutes from the time he jumped he was back in the warm boat's galley, a mighty glad Japanese.

The lighthouse tender Heather, with Capt. Wm. Gregory in command, came into this port Saturday evening and laid her up on Sunday morning, when she proceeded on her way to the westward. The Heather is furnishing the lighthouses of this district with supplies for the winter. Capt. Gregory reports having established a new buoy in Wrangell Narrows, known as buoy No. 124. It is between buoys Nos. 12 and 14.

"Well, how's the Sentinel?" said a familiar voice as a gentleman with a strange face came into the office, Saturday. On a second look we recognized Social Frank Coulter, who had Campbell-Gillie-Weber-Kingsland himself by cutting off his mustache. Mr. Coulter has been making his home at Shakan, of late, and came over on the Peerless to pay the fee at Wrangell, a visit, after an absence of several months.

Hats Clothing Caps Boots Shoes

Dry Goods, Oiled Clothing,

Gum Boots, Groceries,

Hardware, Tinware,

Fresh Fruits in Season,

All at Lowest Prices

Headquarters for Camping, Fishing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits

THE CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

WRANGELL

ALASKA

Clothing

Clothing

Clothing

Clothing

Clothing

Clothing

For a limited period we will sell clothing at greatly-reduced prices.

Now is your time to get a good suit of clothes cheap

St. Michael Trading Co.

PROGRAM OF SERVICES

People's Church for Sept. 1905.

Under the care of the Bishop of Alaska:

Sep. 4—A sermon appropriate to the opening of school. Subject of sermon, "Hannah."

" 11—A lantern service of song.

" 18—The First Church; what was it?

" 25—The Sources of Life.

Interpreted service, 10:30; Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30; Sunday School, 2:30; Christian Endeavor, 4; Evening service, 7:30.

You are Earnestly Invited to Attend.

H. P. CORSER, Minister.

Good Business and Stand FOR SALE

My stock and fixtures, which means "the whole cheese," in the town of Wrangell, Alaska, is for sale. My stock consists of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Canned Goods, Jewelry, Etc.

And it all goes at a bargain for Cash. If you want a snap, do not wait, but come at once, and "get in on the ground floor."

SING LEE CO.

Pacific Brand

Strictly Farm-made Cream
It Contains only Pure Cow's Cream.

ASK YOUR GROCERYMAN

Our Local Grist.

Dr. J. J. Pittenger, Dentist, will be in Wrangell from Sept. 25th to Oct. 5th. The Wrangell Robe Tannery will tan your furs and hides properly. E. WEST & P. HAUGHT.

We had three light frosts last week; and then "the gentle pater of the rain upon the roof" reminded us that Alaska was herself again.

LIST OF LETTERS—Remaining unclaimed in the Wrangell P. O. and advertised Sept 1: Arnold, C. J. Moore, Harry Clark, G. W. Smith, W. C. Hoagland, Willis Smith, Mrs. M. C. Jensen, J. M. Woodbury, Mrs. W. Larsen, Louis Morris, Mrs. Claude L. Wilson, Mrs. Charlie. These letters, if not claimed in 30 days will be sent to the Dead Letter office. J. E. WORDEN, P. M.

Council Proceedings.

Thursday evening, Sept. 7th, was the date for the regular monthly meeting of the Town Council, but as there was not a quorum present an adjournment was had to the next evening.

Friday evening mayor Jensen called the meeting to order, and when clerk Worden called the roll, all the members except Cole and Rosenthal responded to a call of their names, and business proceeded.

After the minutes had been read and approved, councilman Lloyd reported that the walk on Front street near T. J. Case's was in a dilapidated and dangerous condition, and the street committee were instructed to notify property owners and to see that necessary repairs are made.

Councilman Lynch reported that the sewer leading from the school building had been properly put in; that the grading of the grounds had been satisfactorily done, and the report was adopted.

Secretary H. D. Campbell of the Alert Fire Company, addressed the meeting, stating that the fire bell has not the clear ring that it should have, and asking that the council take action on the matter.

The matter of collecting the annual poll tax, as provided by ordinance, was taken up, and it was determined that this shall be done. On motion of councilman Coulter, which was duly seconded and carried, Mr. John G. Grant was duly chosen poll tax collector.

Director L. M. Churchill, of the school board, was present and asked that 50 per cent. of the district license moneys accruing to the town be set aside for public school purposes, and on motion made and carried the request was granted.

As the school board had received no reply to their order sent in for furniture for the new school building, some weeks since, the town clerk was instructed to correspond with the Seattle Hardware Co. regarding the matter.

BILLS ALLOWED.
St. Michael Trading Co. shut off valve. \$ 3 50
F. W. Carlyon, paint, nails, etc. 12 85
Henry Strasser, putting in sewer and work on school grounds. 113 97
J. E. Worden, five months' salary. 100 00
Wrangell Electric Light & Power Co. lights for Aug. and one globe. 35 00

Total. \$295 32
And the meeting adjourned.

This is a day of progression. The gold brick and thimble game have about run their course, as even the most unsuspicious have "tumbled" to them. But the idea to "get money," is as prevalent as ever; if it cannot be obtained honestly, then by sleek trickery—any way to "get money."

The latest swindling method that has come under our observation, is the writing of a circular letter by a fellow in Chicago, offering for \$1.12 to inform you where you can get a wife worth from \$20,000 to \$50,000. Of course this is a snap—one of those snaps that it pays to jump at. It is not every day that you can pick up such an amount of money at so small an investment. You just write this fellow, enclose a letter to your imaginary sweetheart with \$1.12, and—zip, boom, bang! just listen for a return. Of course this fellow finds thousands of "suckers," and it is a sure money-maker—for the sharper. Alaska is full of marriageable men; but they don't bite at such glittering baits.

The saw mill still continues to get orders, and it still continues to get logs and cut lumber. It is thought the mill will run well up to the 1st of Dec. this year.

Alaska's Magazine.

Bright, Crispy, Energetic,

Devoted entirely to Alaska and its Wonderful Resources. The July number is now in the press, and will soon be ready for distribution.

Just the thing to Send East.

Be sure and order it from your Local News Dealer.



THE SMALLEY Gasoline Engine.

The Latest Modern Up-to-Date

Engine, with all the Good Points of the Best Engines made, and None of the Poor points to bother you.

Such is the SMALLEY.

NOTE.

The first Six Engines ordered

Will be sold at

FACTORY PRICES.

To introduce them in

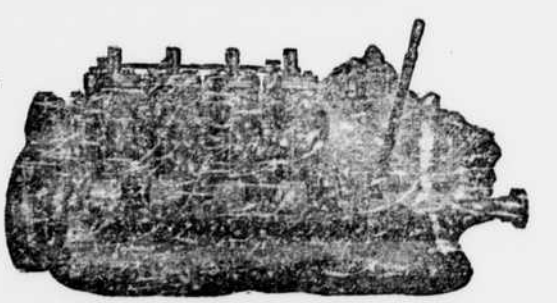
Southeast Alaska.

For full particulars, address our Agent,

J. F. COLLINS, Wrangell, Alaska.

JOB PRINTING

At the Sentinel Office



Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
FRANCIS.....ALASKA.

No wise woman trusts a man who trusts to luck.

All men have wishbones, but only a few have backbones.

Some people's goodness is founded upon lack of opportunity.

When is a wheat corner not a wheat corner? When the board of trade says it isn't.

Cables say the latest fad in Paris is a 50-cent hat. Bet money it's a hat for men.

Miss Ellen Stone will understand that she goes to Macedonia at her own risk this time.

A New York millionaire has eloped with a waitress. But if she can't cook, what's the use?

Young Ziegler is unduly hampered with a \$80,000,000 inheritance and the task of finding the north pole.

It will be noticed that the manufacturers who supplied Russia with her guns and ammunition are not advertising the fact.

It is not quite correct to speak of the "Norwegians in America." A better way of putting it is "Americans of Norwegian birth."

Fines are imposed in Massachusetts for catching undersized trout. No fisherman ever admitted, however, that his catch was undersized.

The Japanese are to adopt the Roman characters. They have shown that they possess something of the "Old Roman" character already.

A Minnesota train robber has been sentenced to the penitentiary for fifty years. He'll know enough to rob a bank instead of a train the next time.

It is the height of bad form in Japan for a wife to express any opinion contrary to her husband's. What chance had Russia against men who have their wives bluffed like that?

The Czar is having constructed for his own use a bullet-proof automobile, and he would doubtless be glad to receive sealed proposals for the construction of some bomb-proof palaces.

A New York woman lost \$90,000 worth of jewelry the other day while going to have her hair dressed. It must have been terribly humiliating to her to have to appear before the hair dresser without her gems.

Young Ziegler, who inherited the baking powder millions, will have an income of \$28.93 every minute. That boy, if he wants to buy something and doesn't happen to have the change, will only need to ask the storekeeper to wait a minute until he can earn it.

After it has been heard that Japanese troops do not keep step while marching and present a poor appearance on parade, the shocking climax comes to the effect that Admiral Togo does not know how to wear a uniform, when on him is always wrinkled where it should fit smoothly, and vice versa. In short, it appears that in the military art of looking pretty the Japanese are a complete failure and that they are successful only in the incidental feature of fighting.

Sanskrit literature, as Sir H. Arthur Blake has found, recognizes the transmission of malaria by mosquitoes. A passage from the Greek historian Herodotus is reproduced in a London medical journal as further evidence of the ancient interest in the insect: "In the parts of Egypt above the marshes the inhabitants pass the night upon lofty towers, which are of great service, as the gnats are unable to fly to any height on account of the winds. In the marsh country, where there are no towers, each man possesses a net instead. By day it serves him to catch fish, while at night he spreads it over his bed in which he is to rest, and, creeping in, goes to sleep underneath."

Some apprehensive party has expressed the opinion that "the American people will outgrow baseball," and an editor has been thoughtless enough to print it. Thoughtless, inconsiderate; yes, and unpatriotic. Almost immoral. How dare an editor give publicity to an insidious breath hostile to one of our basic institutions? By all the memories of "one-old-cut" and "town ball," how can a man utter such a thing and an editor circulate it? The American people rise up in the grand stand, so to speak, and resent it with a mighty hiss. Life would not be worth living to the glorious, free and independent spirit without baseball. We are a nation of rooters. We must root or die. Baseball will live as long as the nation. When the ghoulies get to dancing on the diamonds there will be none of us to witness it. Baseball will be the last relic to crumble.

Literary and intellectual snobbery has insisted that the mass of books are bad and that the mass of people read the bad books. It is always easy to slander the millions, for the millions do not reply; they do not even heed. No doubt most printed books

are less good than they should be, and no doubt much trash is read. But in matters of taste excellence is relative, and we can determine whether to be optimistic or pessimistic about the quality of popular reading only by comparing our age with the rest. Most of the people who read only bad or not thoroughly good books correspond to those who, two or three generations ago, could not or did not read at all. A society of uncultivated or half-cultivated literacy is better than a society where the people of good taste were the only patrons of the bookshops, and in which there were no public libraries to distribute even second-rate books to the many. Moreover, in the generations when literacy became the rule, there has been no falling off of the total public taste in books. A recent writer who has made a study of the circulation of books in the bookshops and in the libraries finds that there is an increasing demand for the standard novels in proportion to the demand for ephemeral fiction; that there is more and more call for biography, travel and books of outdoor life; that the popular light story today is better in ideal and workmanship than the kind our grandfathers tolerated; that we read much good fiction; that we read more fact than we ever did; that, "on the whole, there is a good deal of health in us."

A young woman of New York was struck on the nose by a foul ball while attending a session of the national game. She sued the owners of the club for \$500. Justice McLaughlin of New York, in trying the case, rendered a decision unfavorable to the young woman. He decided that anyone who watches a ball game does so at his or her own risk. If they are injured the law gives them no opportunity to sue for damages. They must "take their chances." Of course! The finding is in accordance with the true spirit of the national game. Born on the corner "prairie," or on the town lot, or the school playground, baseball was never a sport for spectators to loiter back in easy seats and watch under the protection of the law. Baseball is baseball. The man who attends a game, if he goes in the proper spirit of the true American, takes nearly as active a part in the game as does a player. The spectator and his activities are a part of the game. His gentle "rooting," his mild desire for the blood of the unfavorable umpire are hand in hand with the ringing three-base hit and the darling slide for the home plate. They all have one aim—to win for the home team. Innovations and refining influences have made the game more satisfactory. Better grounds, ornate grandstands with wire screen and comfortable seats have helped to make the viewing of a game more pleasurable. The refining influences have reached even to the men on the diamond. The umpire now politely removes his cap when he announces the batteries for the day; the players refrain from permitting their opinions of the umpire's decisions to reach the audience. But this is enough along these lines. For the refined game as it is now we are thankful. But who would have the game barbered, and manicured, and rendered innocuous in a manner to fit it for the drawing room or the stage? No. Justice McLaughlin finds wisely and well. The baseball enthusiast must take care of himself while watching his favorite game. That he is quite able to do this Justice McLaughlin is probably well aware, for his decision suggests the possibility that the justice is himself one of the rank and file of the grand army of "fans."

Told in Pantomime.
Theodore Thomas, in conducting an orchestra, seemed impassive, imperturbable. A writer in the Outlook, commenting upon this, says that he was apparently without passion or feeling. Yet the appearance was not reality, and at one of Mr. Thomas' rehearsals it was fully contradicted. At a certain point in the symphony the orchestra was playing in perfect time and tune, but with a certain mechanical effect which no one had noticed until Mr. Thomas suddenly rapped the music-stand before him. The orchestra stopped. Then with his hand he imitated the action of an organ-grinder. With only a word to indicate the bar at which the orchestra was to take up the music, he struck the rack before him for attention, and with a movement of his baton gave the signal.

Polite Way of Getting a Tip.
A shrewd old continental guide who, in conducting a lady around a grand old cathedral, had been assiduous in his courtesy and fascinating in his descriptive details anent the historic pile, observed with pain that the visitor was evidently about to take her departure without bestowing the customary dole. To prevent this the wily old guide said: "Pardon me, madam, but if, on her return to her hotel, madam should find that she had lost her purse, will madam kindly remember that it was not in this place that she took it out?" This neat reminder immediately produced the desired effect.

He Knew Them.
"Pop."
"Yes, my son."
"What's an auxiliary engine?"
"An auxiliary engine is one which will not go all the time, my boy."—Yonkers Statesman.

OLD Favorites

Jim Bludso.
Wall, no, I can't tell what he lives, because he don't live, you see; Leastways he's got out of the habit of livin' like you and me. What have you been for the last three year?

That you haven't heard folks tell How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers Is pretty much alike— One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill, Another one here in Pike. A keeless man in his talk was Jim, An awkward hand in a row, But he never finked, and he never lied— I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, To treat his engine well, Never he passed on the river, To mind the pilot's bell; And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire— A thousand times he swore He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississippi, And her day come at last; The Movastar was a better boat, But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed; And so she come tarin' along that night— The oldest craft on the line— With a nigger squat on her safety valve, And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar, And burnt a hole in the night; And, quick as a flash, she turned and made For that willer bank on the right. There was rumm'n' and curs'n', but Jim yelled out Over all the infernal roar: 'I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank Till the last galoot's ashore.'

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat Jim Bludso's voice was heard, And they all had trust in his cussedness, And knowed he would keep his word; And, sure's yore's born, they all got off Afore the smokestacks fell— And Bludso's ghost went up alone In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment I'd run my chance with Jim 'Longside of some pious gentlemen That wouldn't shook hands with him. He seen his duty, a dead sure thing— And went for it thar and then; And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard On a man that died for men.—John Hay.

PRINCE OF MISERS.
Incidents Which Illustrate the Meanness of Russell Sage.
While many of the stories that are told of Russell Sage's miserly habits and eccentricities are fictitious, none of them are exaggerations. It would be almost impossible for anyone to imagine a man more economical and stingy than he, says a writer who has been looking up facts about the multi-



millionaire. Although his income is reckoned at \$5,000 a day, at least, and some people think it is twice that amount, he has lived at the rate of \$5,000 a year or less, and his personal expenses have not been \$1,000 a year. That is a very liberal estimate. He has two suits of clothes, one for week days and the other for Sunday, and he has worn them as long as anybody can remember. He has not bought a new overcoat for 15 or 20 years, and his hat is quite as old as that if not older. A few years ago he sent for a gentleman who had done him a favor, and in a confidential way said that he was going to reward him with a "tip" that he could work for a profit. Then, to the man's astonishment, Mr. Sage gave him the address of a store on Seventh avenue where he could get shoes for \$2 a pair.

To save time the Western Union Telegraph Company serves a free lunch to its operators, and Mr. Sage appeared every day at a certain hour. A seat was kept for him at a certain table up to the last day he came downtown. He never paid fare on the elevated railroad, because he was a director, and the ticket takers had instructions to let him go by without paying. He invariably helped himself to newspapers from the stand at Fifth street in the morning when on his way downtown, and did the same at Rector street when he was going home in the afternoon. He has stolen his newspapers for a generation in the same way, of the same men, and they never dared say a word about it. He has always compelled the bootblacks on the elevated stations to shine his shoes for nothing. At first, years ago, they used to remonstrate. He would climb into one of the chairs and wait

until they served him. If they demanded pay he would threaten to leave them put off the platform. The omnibus drivers and cabmen on Fifth avenue point out a crack across the top pane of glass in one of his parlor windows which, they say, has been there for 21 years. The story goes that Mrs. Sage negotiated with a glazier to replace it with a whole pane for \$12. Mr. Sage would not pay more than \$10. The glazier would not yield, and the deadlock has continued for almost a quarter of a century. He has a quiet little country place down on Long Island, with a good deal of lawn, but he does not keep the turf shaved down like his neighbors. He lets the grass grow until it is high enough to make good hay and then sells it for \$3 to a livery stablekeeper in the vicinity.

"BOTHERATION PRIMUS."
Argumentative Youth Gave the Instructor Something to Think About.

The dignity of the old-time clergyman of a small town wrapped him so entirely in the eyes of his people that jests concerning the foibles of his youth were likely to be frowned upon rather than cherished. But of the college days of the estimable and much respected Nathaniel Niles, of West Fairlee, Vermont, who was graduated from Princeton in 1766, N. N. Withington in a recent interesting article tells us that traditions still survive. He and his younger brother Samuel were both of them able but excessively argumentative youths, and during their student days they were known as "Botheration Primus" and "Botheration Secundus."

Just how much of a bother the first botheration could be to an unwary professor is revealed in the famous anecdote of the Jack-knife. It has been related of other men than Nathaniel Niles; but at least if he cannot be proved to be the one and only proper hero of it, his attested character lends strong support to his claim. His instructor in philosophy was lecturing upon "Identity," and had just argued that parts of a whole might be subtracted and other matter substituted, yet the whole would remain the same, instancing the fact that every part of our bodies is changed in seven years, yet we remain the same individuals.

"Then," said Niles, "if I had a knife and lost the blade and had a new blade put in, it would still be the identical knife?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "Then if I should lose the handle from the new blade and have another handle made to fit it, the knife would still be the same?" "That is so," said the professor. "Then, in that case," triumphantly rejoined young Botheration Primus, "if I should find the old blade and the old handle and have the original parts put together, what knife would that be?"

Story of a Woman Crusoe.
Beginning due west of Point Conception on the California coast and continuing at irregular intervals as far south as the Bay of Todos Santos in Lower California lie the Channel Islands. In this ideal region for the yachtsman, the fisherman and the hunter one comes to feel like a new Crusoe on his primitive isle. And in very truth Crusoe's semi-mythical story was enacted upon one of these same islands, though minus the man Friday and the happy ending.

The castaway in this case was a woman, a Danish emigrant, left ashore through some mischance by the crew of a vessel that had sought shelter behind San Nicholas during a storm in the early '50's. For over seventeen years the lone creature had lived unsought and forgotten, though the time at length came when, on the days the mist-clearing north winds blew, she could climb to the island's highest point and view the ranchers' herds grazing upon the mainland. And at last, when hope and reason had both long died, the poor, wild, gibbering creature was found in her wolf's burrow among the hills by the advance guard of the otter hunters' fraternity, who had long wondered at the mysterious footprints they found marked upon the lonely sands.—Forest and Stream.

Nature's Armored Cruisers.
Some of the papers are poking fun at the story which comes from the Bay of Biscay of crabs weighing sixteen pounds and possessing claws eighteen inches in circumference. The joke would have seemed the funnier, perhaps, had the crabs been described as opening and eating oysters. As a matter of fact, there is a species which does crack coconuts. As students of Darwin will remember, this extraordinary creature grows to an enormous size; so large is it that in the larger ones there is sufficient fat to yield a quart of palm-oil, derived from their diet on coconut. These nuts they first denude of their tough fibrous covering, then with their hammer-like claws beat upon the shell until an opening is made, and the rest is simple. These giants live on land, but bathe each night in the sea.

Ambition Gratified.
First Bookworm—Well, I'm working on a file of newspapers now and am entirely satisfied. Second Ditto—You always did have a sneaking ambition to get into the papers.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

We lately met a large, fine looking, assertive sort of woman. "My mother lives with us," she said. We sort of expected it.

Investigate it closely, and you will find that the successful men do not take many chances.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

A Family Quarrel.

FOR some reason family quarrels are the bitterest of all quarrels. For instance: Norwegian, Swede, Dane—these three—are, and of right ought to be, one great family. They have a common historic past. They have shared sacrifices and glory. They speak kindred tongues. Why should they quarrel to the point of separation? Did not the commonweal or the fear of common danger bind them? Or the possibilities of a great Scandinavian union? It appears not. On the contrary the genius for amalgamation seems lacking. Least of all is there any disposition to fight for union. And so the Norwegian flag is hoisted and saluted with twenty-one guns. Secession from Sweden is accomplished. Norway is an independent nation.

The family quarrel is an ancient one, caused by incompatibility of temper. The dual monarchy was born of the Napoleonic era, but the peoples never became cemented. The Norse has been asking for a separate consular and diplomatic service. That was only an excuse for the family fighting. Neither member of the household would give in. Bickering and blacklisting led to open divorce. It is a pity. There will come a day when the separation will be regretted. Sweden has lost Finland. Denmark is reduced to a few islands. And Norway will be at the mercy of Russia. History will write of Scandinavia that, unlike the United States, it stopped at federalism and failed. It neglected to "form a more perfect union." It was a house divided against itself.—Des Moines News.

Two Duties of the Hour.

NEW occasions bring new duties. The tremendous naval victory of Japan over Russia brings new duties—and grave ones, too—to the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, and the Hon. Theodore P. Shonts, chairman of the Panama Canal Commission. It is the grave duty of the Hon. John Hay to see to it that the whole influence of the United States government among the powers be used to limit Japan's war indemnity to territory, rather than allow this indemnity to be collected from Russia in money, which would be invested at once in a still larger and stronger Japanese navy. It is the grave duty of the Hon. Theodore P. Shonts to see to it that the Panama canal be completed with all possible speed, so as to double, at the earliest moment, the efficiency of the United States navy.

Self-preservation is the first law of nations, and the possessions of the United States in the Pacific Ocean must be preserved. Japan's sea power in the Pacific has been as bravely won as England's in the Atlantic. But it is an intolerable idea that this country should allow Japan to take in hand the naval keys to the Pacific as England was allowed, through a series of deplorable errors, to take in hand the naval keys to the Atlantic. The United States has been the first great power to grasp naval supremacy in the great ocean. Perish the hand that, through negligence or weakness, would relax that grasp!—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Census by Guess.

THE Census Bureau has again put out figures to show the population of our large cities, this time for 1904 and 1905. It has not made any count, but simply estimates them by adding to the census of 1900 half the increase shown between 1890 and 1900 for the population in 1905, and four-fifths of that for 1904. The usual dissatisfaction is shown with the results of the system.

The Census Bureau makes the population of Washington city for the year 302,883. It happens there has just been an actual count made there by the police, which showed a total of 322,572. This discrepancy is a curious comment on the system of the Census Bureau. The government ought not to do for the people what they can do for themselves. Any tolerable mathematician can take the census of 1900, find the increase from 1890 to 1900, and add half of it to the figures for the latter year, and have at once the result of the bureau's estimate.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The "oldest" regarded the youngster thoughtfully. "So your teacher doesn't whip you? What's the reason of that?" he asked, eagerly, for he was not one, or so the Chicago News intimates, who recoiled in horror from any discussion of the principles and practices of education. "Don't you ever do anything that calls for a whipping?"

The youngster grinned. "Teachers ain't allowed to lick the children. If she licked us she'd get suspended," he explained. "She reasons with us, and if we don't behave she suspends us."

"Hum!" said the oldest, rubbing his chin. "I've heard of something of the kind, but I never quite understood exactly how it worked. How often have you been suspended?"

"I never was. Ethan Taylor, he was suspended once. He set fire to a girl's hair with a match, and when the teacher wanted him to say he was sorry he said bad words at her. They suspended him for two weeks."

"Hum!" said the oldest again. "And once we all got to hollering and laughing in the geography lesson, and when Miss Watson told us to stop we just kept right on."

"Why?"

"Oh, just for fun! Jimmy Willing, he was soaking paper balls in his ink and throwing them at the map whenever Miss Watson turned her back to point to it. She got awful mad, and she said she'd suspend us all if we didn't behave ourselves. She didn't, though," with faint scorn. "She weakens easy."

"She must be a pretty harsh sort of a person even to talk of suspending you for a little thing like that," said the oldest, with irony that glanced off its object. "I suppose you whisper in school sometimes, and punch the boy in front of you in the back, and stick pins in him, and make faces, and shoot beans and peas and putty and things like that?"

"I should say!"

"And then you get suspended, eh?"

for 1905. Why give the authority of the government to an estimate which a schoolboy can make for himself?

It is the business of the Census Bureau to count, and not to guess. Thousands of people will guess free of charge, and many of them will guess better than the salaried guessers of the bureau. The bureau's major premise is that all our large cities are increasing in population just as much per year as they did ten years ago, which is absurd. The system is borrowed from one invented by Procrustes, a robber of Attica, 3,000 years ago.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Expense of Life Insurance.

THE "rake-off" in the Equitable was colossal. Men who on their merits could not earn \$5,000 a year, by virtue of favor and pull got \$50,000 and \$100,000. Tarbell's stenographer got a salary of \$12,000. Directors used the money of the society to buy bonds and stocks, and then sold the stocks and bonds to the Equitable for a profit. The loot was so great that the directors wanted all. They toddled to young Hyde to get on the board and to get the use of the society's money and then they resolved to destroy him. Now the whole directorate is exposed as hucksters in the money of the policy holders and the public will have nothing to do with the Equitable until Hyde, Alexander and all the directors who used their offices to graft clear out.

In all the money that was squandered by the Equitable the fact remains that its expense of carrying \$1,000 of insurance was smallest of the three big New York companies. In 1904 the cost of carrying each \$1,000 of insurance in the Mutual Life was \$11.60. The cost in the New York Life was \$10.50. The cost in the Equitable was \$9.80, in spite of all the money grabbed by the parasites. This shows the necessity of closer government control of life insurance companies, or, what is better for the policy holders, government life insurance.—New York American.

Government Reports a Basis for Gambling.

THE entire crop of cotton in the United States is grown in New York. The price, however, is fixed in New York. Not a hundred thousand bales are sold for consumption in that city. Men make the price who would not know a bale of cotton from a bale of hay. During the last year the chief impetus to gambling in futures has been the monthly government report of the condition of the crop or the progress of cotton picking and ginning. This report is compiled in Washington. Planters and speculators in other cities charged that the government's report fell into the hands of a band of New York speculators before it was made public.

Now the charge has been formally made to Secretary Wilson. The secretary thought the charges were absurd. He finally consented to make an investigation, and he did not get far until he got serious. Now there is a scandal brewing. When government statistics are used for future gambling they should be abolished. Secretary Wilson ought to shut up his cotton statistics bureau. It is useful only as a thing to bet against.—Chicago American.

Lax Bank Inspection.

NATIONAL bank inspection were as rigid and as intelligent as the law prescribes, the Higelow defalcation would have been discovered earlier, and the damage inflicted would have been less. It is by the use of the banking funds placed at their disposal that the Keenes, Letters, Harpers, Hutchins and Gateses are enabled to subvert for the moment the natural laws of trade, make food dearer to the community and inflict hardship on the people. All the bankers know this. All know that the funds which they lend to the gamblers are employed for dishonest purposes. They sin against the light and thus deserve the censure of the community, while they again establish the truth that "they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."—Illustrated Home Journal.

beginning the earth was a waste and barren wilderness in which there dwelt a dragon alone. Then God came down from heaven, fought with the dragon and vanquished it. From the dragon's blood, which was water, the barren rock wilderness was made fertile, and the spot where the struggle between God and the dragon took place became paradise. Thereafter God created all things—sun, moon, stars, plants and beasts and finally two human beings. The man was sent down from heaven and was called Maitumbe, and the woman, Nattergorob, sprang from the bosom of the earth. "God led them into paradise, where they lived an untroubled existence. Of all the fruits therein they might eat by God's permission; of one tree alone they might not taste. Often God came down to see them, when he climbed down a ladder from heaven. But one day he was unable for a long time to find them, but finally discovered them crouching among the bushes. On being asked the meaning of his conduct Maitumbe replied that they were ashamed because they had eaten of the forbidden fruit. "Nattergorob gave me of the fruit," he said, "and persuaded me to eat it after she had eaten of it herself." "Nattergorob sought to excuse herself by saying, 'The three headed serpent came to me and said that by tasting the fruit we should become like unto God and almighty.' Then was 'Ngal (God) wroth and banished the two first human beings from paradise. He sent Rilgeen, the morning star to drive man out of paradise and to keep watch thereafter."

Tautology.
Teacher—What is tautology?
Boy—Repetition.
Teacher—Give me an example.
Boy—We are going to have sheep's head for dinner, and my sister Elsie's young man is coming to dinner also.
Teacher—Go up top.

It is a mistaken policy for a woman to wash the supper dishes when by "stacking" them she gets out on the porch that much earlier to nag her husband into mowing the lawn.

MUSIC CRITIC AT FIGHT.

Result of Short-handedness on the Staff Called for "Duet."

Owing to a severe condition of short-handedness on the staff, the music editor was sent to cover a prize fight, with the following result, says the Detroit Free Press:

An entertainment of unusual novelty attracted a large masculine audience at the armory last night. The chief number on the program consisted of a duet between two well known artists and the work was divided into ten short movements. Both of the chief artists of the evening were becomingly attired in a novel and striking costume, consisting of something like abbreviated bathing-suits, shoes and heavy stockings. The first movement started about andantino, but went sempre accelerando to a molto vivace at the end. There was some rapid staccato work on the part of each performer throughout the movement and when a large gong rang at the end of a short interval, both walked to a corner of the roped-in platform. At the beginning there was a strong tendency to pianissimo work and the soft pedal was used with much effect on both sides.

Shortly before the end of this movement one of the artists was carried away with excitement and struck the other, sforzando, con due pedale a molto piu vivace. The compliment was returned, con amore, and both subsided again as the gong rang.

At the opening of the third movement the original theme was resumed and was treated with great freedom throughout. The straight-arm motif was introduced, molto placevole, and the rendition became so fast and furious as to hinder accurate observation. The composition suddenly assumed the characteristics of the unfinished symphony, one performer being overcome by his emotion and failing to continue. The applause was furious for the other artist, who was made the recipient of the most frenzied demonstrations from the audience. The composer of the unfinished composition is reported to have been the late Marquis of Queensberry, little known as a musical writer.

THE GREAT MONEY LENDER.

Russell Sage, Famous Financier, as He Really Is To-day.

Lindsay Denison writes the following description in World's Work of the great lender of money as he appears to-day:

The figure of Russell Sage is fading out of the market place. Once it was as certain a part of the Wall street picture as the flag on the custom-house, as the flying messenger boys, as the swarm of men at the door of the stock exchange, incoming and departing. No, it was more certain; for Russell Sage observed no holidays except Sunday until his body broke down under the overreaching task set by his cold, grim hunger for innumerable dollars. But the pale-blue eyes, though they are keener than the eyes of most men at any age, have not the quick and eager light which used to flash into them in response to the news of a bargain in prospect or achieved. The seamed gray face has lost its power of meeting all appeals for generosity or mercy with complete lack of expression; irritation and contempt show through sometimes; they are signs of the breaking down of the sternest physical discipline—for no real master of the game, whether it be played with pennies between newsboys on the curbstone, or with banks and railroads in the markets, willingly allows his face to register any human emotion. His garments hang about him in homely lines, which have not changed in the memory of any man. His appearance, his ways, his stingingness, his great wealth, have become a part of the traditions of his country.

She Preferred Horse Power.

Modern inventions had no charm for Miss Boggs. "The old way is good enough for me," she said on all occasions when her attention was called to the march of science in any direction. When the young physician who had succeeded to Dr. Lane's practice bought an automobile, Miss Boggs expressed her opinion in no measured terms.

"If he wants to ride around injuring folks so's to increase his business, and there's no law of the land can stop him, well and good," said Miss Boggs to her niece, "but when my end comes don't you dare have him to me, no matter if I've lost consciousness."

"What doctor shall I send for?" asked the niece, who was accustomed to live in the shadow of constant references to this event, although as yet Miss Boggs had never been ill.

"The one from Porterville or the one from Cranston or that old one over to Marshby, any of 'em will do," said Miss Boggs, grimly. "But mind you, get me a horse doctor, no matter if I'm too far gone to know it. No automobile doctors for me."

The Finishing Touch.

The landlady was telling how wealthy her family was before papa made an unlucky speculation.

"But," she concluded, with a sigh, "beautiful as the old home was, it really never acquired the air of good solid respectability that it should have had, for there were no stone lions in the front yard."

He Knew.

Dobbs (who remained single)—Are all these old jokes true about a woman's pocket being so hard to find?

Blobbs (who married an heiress)—I should say they are! Lend me \$5 for a few days, will you?—Cleveland Leader.

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For the Children

Teddy's First Pockets.

"I want pockets in my new pants," said Teddy.

"You are too little," said mamma.

"Please, mamma!" Teddy pleaded.

"Pockets go with pants. All the big boys have them."

"Well," mamma replied, "I suppose you must have them. Yes, I will put some in."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Aunt Emily.

"Clara, you don't mean to let that baby have pockets? He will have them full of rubbish and in a dreadful condition all the time. He's too little for trousers, to say nothing of pockets."

But mamma put the pockets in, and Ted was happy. He went round with his hands in those little snugglers, feeling very proud and grown-up, and trying to whistle, and by and by he began to put things into them.

"If I had the darling cotton I would mend the stockings," said grandma, "but it isn't in the basket."

"Here it is," said Teddy, taking a little black ball out of his right pocket.

"I found it behind the door, grandma. I didn't know it was darn-cotton; I thought it was just string."

"You didn't happen to find my pencil, did you?" asked Sister Sue. "I lost it yesterday, and I can't find it anywhere."

"Yes," said Teddy. "It was in the waste basket. I picked it out and put it in my pocket. I didn't know it was yours, Susie," he said as he passed it to her.

Pretty soon mamma could not find her thimble. "I had it this morning," she said, "and all at once I missed it. I am sorry, for it was the one you gave me, Emily."

"Here it is," said Teddy. "I found it down in the pansy bed. I meant to give it to you, but I forgot."

"It must have fallen off the window-sill," said mamma. "I remember now; I was sitting by the garden window."

That afternoon sister Mary asked if anybody had seen a button, for she had lost one off her blue dress; Tom inquired if anybody had run across his jack-knife, which he was using at noon and mislaid; Johnny needed a piece of string in a hurry; and grandma could not find a little nail. All these things Teddy produced as they were wanted.

"Take it all back, Ted," said Aunt Emily, laughing. "Your pockets certainly are the most useful ones in the family. You don't happen to have a box of chocolates, do you?"

"No," Teddy replied, soberly, "but I have some candy that isn't chocolate. Mr. Smith gave it to me. It's taffy."

Aunt Emily laughed again. "There, Clara," she said, "I told you so!"—Youth's Companion.

When I Grow Up.

Our grocer's clerk comes every day. Though why he should I cannot say. For mother mostly orders beans, And soap and mustard, salt and greens, And tea and starch, and lard and rice—Not much of anything that's nice.

Such food for some folks may seem best. But scarce excites my interest. When I grow up, my grocer's clerk Will very seldom need to work. The butcher's boy I'll ask to call Just once in spring and once in fall.

I'll have the candy boy call twice Each day, and sometimes even thrice! Mornings it will be best, I judge, To order caramels and fudge; At night, a box of chocolate creams, To make me sure of pleasant dreams!

I mean to have the toy-shop man Stop just as often as he can. New toys grow tiresome soon, you know; And then, one's friends do break them too!

Heigh-ho! what bliss will fill my cup When I grow up! When I grow up!—Youth's Companion.

A Pleasant Afternoon Tea.

Oh, let me fill your cup again! There's quite enough for me. I'm always so delighted when a friend comes in to tea.

Now how is Dolly getting on? (Sugar? Only one!)

And is spring cleaning over? I have only just begun.

But after so much dusting, this is pleasant rest for me.

And oh, there's lots to talk about when you come in to tea.

Robert on Business.

What are you going to do when you grow up, Robert?" asked the visitor.

"I'm going to be a business man," said Robert. "Pop took me down to his business last week and I'm going to be like him and work and have a good time."

"What are you going to do in business?" asked the visitor.

"I'm going to do just like pop. I'm going to catch the car every morning and when I get down town I'm going to light a great big cigar and sit down at my desk and say that there's so much work to do it ain't hardly any using beginning till after lunch. And then I'll go out with another big man and we'll eat and eat until we can't eat any more and then we'll go back to the business and I'll ask everybody else why the work ain't done and then I'll get so mad because nobody does anything that I'll go home early and

be all tired after I get home so I can't do a thing 'cep'n' to read the paper and smoke more great big cigars."

Trick with Dominoes.

The performer asks the audience to match the blocks of a set of dominoes so that the number laid together corresponds. While this is being done he leaves the room. Returning, he announces the number of spots on the two last blocks.

Solution.—The performer secretly removes a block bearing no double number of spots. The number of spots on this block must be the end numbers on the set. To avoid detection it is advisable to change the block when the trick is to be repeated.

Washington's Horses.

General Washington was a splendid horseman. There was no animal he could not master, and he never lost his seat in the saddle. Fox hunting was one of his favorite amusements, and at the meet few of his friends or neighbors were better mounted than he. He usually rode a large, fiery animal of great endurance, called Blue-skin. The names of some of his other horses were Chinkling, Valiant, Ajax and Magnolia.

THE WISE TREASURER.

How He Showed the King that Anyone Could Cheat Him.

There was once a king who was very vain of his sagacity. "Nobody can cheat me," he used to say. His old and wise treasurer knew better.

"Your officers are cheating you," he would reply.

"Nonsense!" said the king. "I am too clever for them."

He said this so often that at last the old treasurer determined to teach his royal master a lesson, and spoke thus to the king:

"Your majesty, I will prove to you that no one is too clever to be cheated. Give me even the humblest office and I will show you that the man who holds it can cheat both you and your people."

The king thought for a moment. Then he laughed and said: "I will make you the shepherd of my flock of sheep. I would like to see you cheat me, for I know that there are just 400 of them, and I shall expect you to give me an account of the flock to the last one."

The old treasurer smiled and withdrew. The next day he wrote to every city, village and estate in the kingdom saying that he had heard there was good pasture there and that he proposed to bring the king's sheep to browse there, which was the royal right.

Immediately the people of each place wrote to the new shepherd and promised him money if he would take the king's sheep somewhere else so that they could keep the pastures for themselves.

The wise old treasurer took all the letters to the king and said: "You can see now that even your shepherd can cheat you and your people if he will."

So the king was never so vain of his sagacity any more.—Boston Globe.

Passing of the Chateaux.

The great royal chateaux, not of Touraine only, but of the world, are all nearing their appointed end of public ownership. Kings build; peoples inherit; the palace in its uses, broadens slowly down to the multitude.

The smaller houses sometimes fall by purchase to the middle class; but that is only the change in one of its stages. The larger ones soon reach their ultimate destiny of the museum and the pleasure-ground; and this even in countries and at times that are not distinctively republican. Louis XIV. built Versailles; who holds it now?

The caretaker for the man in the street. The Louvre is a museum; the Tuilleries has gone—to make way for a garden. Kensington Palace is now among the sights of London. Windsor Castle is not much more. And lately, when there happened to be no music for the visitors to the castle on a public holiday, the royal band, "to prevent disappointment," was hastily recalled from a distant scene. The Tower of London, once a palace, now holds the regalia that serve as a toy for the crowd. Potsdam and Sans-Souci are, for all and several, in the same sense; so is the huge Escorial. The Kremlin of the Czars is no better; and even the Hermitage, which, strictly speaking, is one of the halls of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, is a picture gallery to which all could find their way, until the nihilists threatened its integrity. . . .

So passes the glory of the world. But that glory, in the chateaux of old, was often so closely allied with shame and misery and corruption that their last state, as playgrounds for the tourist, may still be better than the first.—Century.

Eve Surprised Him.

"And now, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "is there anything you don't understand about Eve and the serpent?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, what?"

"How'd Eve keep from havin' a fit when she seen it comin'?"—Detroit Tribune.

Regulating Speed of Automobiles.

The new law in New York for the regulation of automobiles permits a speed of eight miles in cities and villages and twenty miles in the country.

Oranges of California.

The orange production of California amounts to about \$18,000,000 in value and the gold product is about \$17,000,000.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

That Is What Most Women Who Work for a Living Really Are.

Why the woman who works for a living is usually more nervous and in less exuberant health generally than the man who works, has been a matter for much discussion in clubs and newspapers, and without any satisfactory verdict having been reached, but there are those who do not find it hard to understand the phenomenon.

The man who works usually does one sort of work. He is a physician, a lawyer or a clerk, and when he has closed his office door for the day, if he is a sensible man, he puts in the remainder of the time enjoying himself in whatever way best suits him.

And the woman who works—well, she is usually jack of a dozen trades and master of none, according to the Baltimore News.

When she comes home from her office it occurs to her that there are half a dozen pairs of stockings to be darned—and she sets to work forthwith on this nerve-tearing work. When the stockings are finished she is just as likely as not to sew on the lace that the laundress has ripped off a skirt, and she goes to bed with her head aching and absolutely unrefreshed.

In the morning she remembers that there are a dozen little lace collars to be laundered, for they were much too fragile to go in the general laundry, and that afternoon she gives over to the "doing up" of these troublesome little things, adding a couple of white belts, three pairs of white gloves and a veil to the pile.

When she has finished with these her back is aching, and she is glad to lie down and read by the light of a distant and dim gas jet the afternoon newspaper, thereby bringing on the ills that come from eye strain.

She discovers the next afternoon that her hair needs washing, and she spends a good two hours at this hard work. She doesn't feel that she can afford the 75 cents or \$1 that a hairdresser would charge her for this service, and which the latter can do much better than she can do it herself, and so she expends strength that is worth much more to her than the money, in half doing this work.

She manicures her own nails when she should be taking a nap, and makes shirt waists when she should be exercising in the open. She makes caramels by way of fun, and fusses over them until she herself admits that she is "half dead."

She finds things for herself to do that really couldn't be done, and by the end of the summer she is a limp and nerve-racked rag.

"But I have to keep nice," she wails, "and I cannot afford to hire one to do my mending and to groom my hair and nails!"

It is, indeed, a problem how the business woman shall manage; but, nevertheless, there are some of the reasons why she who works for a living is usually a thin and anaemic person, who looks haggard and old before her time.

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Pisco's Cure for Consumption. Price 25 cents.

The Saloons.—I believe we can win the temperance cause if we go about it wisely and in earnest. The saloon handles matters in politics with shrewdness. So must the church.—Rev. John Thompson, Methodist, Chicago, Ill.

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Sooly's Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Business.—Business is master of men. It is a cruel task-master, driving men into premature graves and robbing them of their souls. Business is business. Business before pleasure. Business before worship.—Rev. J. B. McCall, Methodist, Cleveland, O.

You Can Get Piller's Foot Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot Ease. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

The Healthy Mind.—The religion of a healthy mind is simply the religion of childhood continued into nature life and glorified.—Rev. H. R. Rose, Episcopalian, Newark, N. J.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

High Idea of Honor.

The Helms—What is your idea of a man of honor?

The Count (throwing out his chest)—Eet is von who vill pay hees vinee beef and card bees even eff he 'as to marry in order to get zee money.—Life.

A prophet is without honor in his own country because the neighbors grow tired of hearing him say "I told you so."

ECONOMY Hot Air Pumping Engine

Pumps water for house and irrigation. Displaces wood mills and gasoline engines. Burns gasoline, wood or coal. Has automatic stop. Shipped on approval. Write for catalogue and prices.

BEALL & CO.

321 Hawthorne Ave. Portland, Ore.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1905.

Published every Thursday by

A. V. R. SNYDER

Editor and Proprietor.

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Professional Cards per Month.....\$1 00
Display, per inch per month.....50
Locals, per Line.....10

THE WATERWORKS QUESTION.

WRANGELL, Sept. 9, 1905.

ED. SENTINEL.—In your issue of August 1st you advocate the granting of a franchise to capitalists intending to supply our town with water. Permit me to express my views on the subject: It seems to me that the granting of a franchise for the supplying of water works to any company, would be a mistake. I believe the town should own and operate their own water plant, and I believe this can be done if due economy is carried out in the disbursement of public money. The demand for water for domestic purposes, is at present very limited; the larger consumers are privately supplied and the rest use well water. We don't use water for irrigation purposes nor street cleaning. Our sewers are not far enough advanced to require water for flushing, and where sewers have been built the natural flow of water from the hills has been sufficient to keep them clean. No doubt if good water was to be had in town, the demand would be considerably increased, providing the charges were reasonably cheap and in reach of all.

The water works man who was here some days ago and over our water possibilities, told me about as follows: It is possible to fetch water to Wrangell in ample quantity for \$4,000. As you have no money, the company advancing the same would require at least a twenty year franchise. The charges for fire plugs would have to be \$2 per month per plug. To give the town proper fire protection would require at least 25 fire plugs, which would mean a monthly expense to the town of \$50. Continue the franchise for ten years, adding your interest, and the town would have paid the proposed original outlay \$6,000, for fire protection alone, not counting the water rates paid by consumers for domestic purposes, which no doubt would be triple, and may be four times that amount. It can readily be seen how valuable such a franchise would be to the capitalist. No doubt we need fire protection, and we need it badly; but can we afford to be paying such a price? I guess not. We succeeded in saving enough money in two years to build and equip a \$4,000 school house. Why can we not save \$6,000 in three years to put in water works? Respectfully,

PETER C. JENSEN.

The SENTINEL is pleased to see this question taken up and discussed with such consideration by our mayor, as it shows him to be a careful, painstaking business man; and as the question of granting a franchise is a serious one, it should be carefully inquired into. The SENTINEL would not for a moment consider the proposition of granting a perpetual franchise, nor for ten years, nor for any given number of years, but would so provide that at any time the town desired, it could purchase the plant at its appraised value and paying a reasonable percent of interest on the money invested. We think Mr. Jensen mistaken on some of his statements. He says "the demand for water for domestic purposes is at present very limited; the larger consumers are privately supplied and the rest use well water." Those supplied privately get their water from Mr. Jensen's reservoir and the mill pond; and as this is all surface, contaminated with all the filth the soil is heir to, it is not a very inviting beverage, as people generally do not care to fill their systems with malaria. There is one well in town; the balance of the water for domestic purposes comes from the besmeared roofs of houses, and for fire purposes there is none—when the tide is out. Mr. Jensen wants 25 fire plugs. The town does not require the half of it. Ten plugs would furnish all the fire protection needed for years. That is the SENTINEL's idea; that is the reason we like to see the question discussed; and that's the reason we invite correspondence on the subject.

Senator Power of Maine says that Alaska should have representation in congress. If all senators and congressmen mean what they say, it will not be long till Alaska is among the front rank of the states. Here is what Mr. Power says: "Personally, I think Alaska should have a delegate on the floor and on the territorial committee, just as Okla-

homa, New Mexico and Arizona have, but so far the difficulty seems to have been the doubt that one man can intelligently represent the whole territory. There are three great subdivisions of Alaska, the northern, the middle and the southern, and they are so distinct in interests that it would be hard to have them all represented in one person. Some one has suggested that there be three delegates, but I do not think that congress would agree to that proposition for a long time. The population of Alaska is so small that the suggestion of a territorial legislature has only few supporters in the national assembly. It is a difficult problem right now to distinguish between the actual settler and the prospector. A large percentage of the present inhabitants, I am told, are there only temporarily, and will leave as soon as they have amassed a fortune or go broke. It is not a permanent population and is so scattered that an election and a legislature is considered by many out of the question at this time."

It is a trifle peculiar that things should be forced to move so slowly in our townsite matters. Trustee Inman has been doing his best to push things along, but the fates were against him. The notice for title that appears today should have appeared six weeks ago; and now that it is here, the date for making entry is continued at least a month later than it should have been. Thus time for making surveys, etc., is thrown into disagreeable winter weather and the matter of straightening affairs out is necessarily thrown over into another season. There is nothing like promptness in these affairs.

The SENTINEL is continually receiving proposals from outside firms to do advertising at reduced rates, and demanding "preferred space." Our answer to them is: "The SENTINEL is a Wrangell institution; it is at Wrangell it does business, and if any get the benefit of reduced rates, it will be the business men of Wrangell." We should like the business of outside advertising agents; but they need not ask for any favors in prices that we would not first grant to our home business men.

Juneau has selected her commissioners for the Seattle-Alaska Exposition in 1907, in the persons of Messrs. B. M. Behrends and W. B. Hoggatt. Both are good men and would do justice by the section they represent. Wrangell has not yet swallowed the pill as she desired to consider the proposition as to whether it is better to have our resources sent to Seattle for exhibition or let those who desire to see what Alaska has come and take a look at them in their natural state right here at home.

Gen. A. W. Greely was lately interviewed by a Post-Intelligencer reporter on the question of telegraphic communication in Alaska, and said on the subject of that which interests Wrangell: "The two places which it strikes me are the most important now without a cable are Wrangell and Ketchikan, and if it is decided that the best results can be obtained by placing these two towns in communication with the rest of the world, why, all well and good—providing the necessary appropriation be secured."

Getting a trifle wintry.

New York Kitchen.

F. CHON, Prop.

Open from 6:30 a. m. to 10:30 p. m.

and

Coffee and Doughnuts, 15c.

Coffee and Pie, 15c.

Best Bread and Pastry

Always on Hand

Drop in and see for yourself

H. D. CAMPBELL

—Dealer In—

General Hardware

Stoves, Graniteware, Tinware, Galvanized Iron ware, Carpenters' Tools, Etc.

Boat Hardware a Specialty.

Wrangell, Alaska.

Trustee's Application to Enter Townsite.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Juneau, Alaska, September 1, 1905.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application has been made to this office by Marcus Fayette Inman, trustee for the townsite of Wrangell, Alaska, to enter and purchase at the minimum price, in trust for the occupants thereof, all that certain tract of land situate on Wrangell Island, Eklon harbor, Sitka Straits, District of Alaska, contained within the exterior boundary of the Wrangell townsite, according to survey number 25, excepting such reserves as are shown by the field notes of said survey hereinafter referred to, more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at corner No. 1, identical with the U. S. initial monument No. 1; thence along meander line of Eklon harbor south 32 degrees 53 minutes, east 349 chains to corner No. 2; thence south 37 degrees 32 minutes, east 1,593 chains to corner No. 3; thence south 31 degrees 47 minutes, east 4,238 chains to corner No. 4; thence north 73 degrees 55 minutes, east 1,593 chains to corner No. 5; thence south 38 degrees 53 minutes, east 1,738 chains to corner No. 6; thence south 19 degrees 19 minutes, east 9,114 chains to corner No. 7; thence south 53 degrees 41 minutes, east 4,698 chains to corner No. 8; thence south 32 degrees 41 minutes, east 9,296 chains to corner No. 9; thence north 59 degrees 06 minutes, east 5,579 chains to corner No. 10; thence north 23 degrees 27 minutes, east 9,000 chains to corner No. 11; thence north 12 degrees 58 minutes, west 5,641 chains to corner No. 12; thence north 14 degrees 07 minutes, east 8,147 chains to corner No. 13; thence north 18 degrees 05 minutes, west 9,195 chains to corner No. 14; thence north 39 degrees 30 minutes, west 8,311 chains to corner No. 15; thence south 17 degrees 05 minutes, west 7,621 chains to corner No. 16; thence north 53 degrees 23 minutes, east 1,725 chains to corner No. 21; thence north 12 degrees 26 minutes, west 7,759 chains to corner No. 22; thence north 30 degrees 50 minutes, west 2,215 chains to corner No. 25; thence north 13 degrees 49 minutes, east 4,399 chains to corner No. 26; thence north 22 degrees 06 minutes, east 6,182 chains to corner No. 27; thence north 47 degrees 34 minutes, west 8,402 chains to corner No. 28; thence north 51 degrees 54 minutes, west 5,289 chains to corner No. 29; thence south 72 degrees 51 minutes, west 5,602 chains to corner No. 30; thence north 28 degrees 19 minutes, east 5,440 chains to corner No. 31; thence north 27 degrees 14 minutes, west 14,215 chains to corner No. 35.

Thence leaving meander line, north 09 degrees 00 minutes, east 42,118 chains to corner No. 36; thence south 30 degrees 00 minutes, east 34,468 chains to corner No. 37; thence south 43 degrees 15 minutes, west 64,840 chains to corner No. 38; thence north 36 degrees 40 minutes, west 10,225 chains to corner No. 39, on meander line Zimovia Straits.

Thence along meander line of Zimovia Straits, thence north 10 degrees 8 minutes, west 11,540 chains to corner No. 40; thence north 88 degrees 58 minutes, west 3,215 chains to corner No. 41; thence north 30 degrees 14 minutes, east 4,088 chains to corner No. 42; thence north 18 degrees 41 minutes, west 5,565 chains to corner No. 43; thence north 1 degree 12 minutes, west 4,492 chains to corner No. 44; thence north 17 degrees 55 minutes, east 4,291 chains to corner No. 1, the place of beginning.

Also a small island described as follows: Beginning at corner No. 17, which bears south 23 degrees 15 minutes, east 5,338 chains; thence south 22 degrees 58 minutes, east 3,463 chains to corner No. 18; thence south 61 degrees 50 minutes, west 1,205 chains to corner No. 19; thence north 29 degrees 10 minutes, west 3,639 chains to corner No. 20; thence south 63 degrees 42 minutes, east 2,465 chains to corner No. 1, the place of beginning, containing a net area of 978.23 acres, excepting and excluding the following described lands and reserve: Presbyterian Mission Reserve, beginning at corner No. 1 from which corner No. 29 Wrangell Townsite bears south 22 degrees 57 minutes, west 3,891 chains; thence north 21 degrees 30 minutes, east 6,091 chains to corner No. 2; thence south 07 degrees 00 minutes, east 1,212 chains to corner No. 3; thence north 22 degrees 00 minutes, east 1,515 chains to corner No. 4; thence south 07 degrees 30 minutes, east 10,338 chains to corner No. 5; thence south 22 degrees 30 minutes, west 4,561 chains to corner No. 6; thence north 05 degrees 00 minutes, west 2,105 chains to corner No. 7; thence south 22 degrees 30 minutes, west 3,165 chains to corner No. 8; thence south 24 degrees 20 minutes, west 2,224 chains to corner No. 9; thence north 63 degrees 30 minutes, west 8,369 chains to corner No. 10; thence north 09 degrees 15 minutes, east 3,165 chains to corner No. 1, the place of beginning, containing an area of one (1) acre.

U. S. Reserve No. 2, described as follows: Beginning at corner No. 1 from which point corner No. 31 bears south 31 degrees 45 minutes, west 41 chains; thence north 31 degrees 25 minutes, west 1,353 chains to corner No. 2; thence north 52 degrees 32 minutes, east 2,230 chains to corner No. 3; thence south 20 degrees 21 minutes, east 1,353 chains to corner No. 4; thence south 52 degrees 30 minutes, west 2,377 chains to the place of beginning, containing an area of 21 of an acre.

U. S. Reserve No. 3: Beginning at corner No. 1, from which point corner No. 27 Wrangell Townsite bears south 14 degrees 02 minutes, west 15,209 chains; thence north 03 minutes, west 8,247 chains; thence north 65 degrees 00 minutes, west 3,165 chains to corner No. 2; thence north 22 degrees 30 minutes, east 3,165 chains to corner No. 3; thence south 05 degrees 00 minutes, east 3,165 chains to corner No. 4; thence south 22 degrees 30 minutes, west 3,165 chains to corner No. 1, the place of beginning, containing an area of one (1) acre.

U. S. Reserve No. 4: Beginning at corner No. 1 from which point corner No. 27 Wrangell Townsite bears south 81 degrees 59 minutes, west 15,209 chains; thence north 03 minutes, west 8,247 chains; thence north 65 degrees 00 minutes, west 3,165 chains to corner No. 2; thence north 22 degrees 30 minutes, east 3,165 chains to corner No. 3; thence south 05 degrees 00 minutes, east 3,165 chains to corner No. 4; thence south 22 degrees 30 minutes, west 3,165 chains to corner No. 1, the place of beginning, containing an area of one (1) acre.

Final proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land office at Juneau, Alaska on December 1, A. D. 1905.

CHAS. L. HAMILTON, Register.
CHAS. E. WEBER, Receiver.
JOHN G. GRANT, Witness.
CHAS. H. BRYANT, Witness.

Any person claiming adversely any portion of the above described tract, or who desires to make protest, must appear at the date and place of making final proof and make such protest.

JOHN W. DUDLEY, Register.

First publication, September 14, 1905.

Last publication, October 10, 1905.

DR. WILLIAM HUGHES,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office—Up Stairs in Campbell Building,
WRANGELL, ALASKA.
All calls promptly attended.

DR. S. C. SHURICK,
Physician and Surgeon,
Calls attended, Day or Night.
SHAKAN, ALASKA.

WILLOUGHBY CLARK,
Attorney at Law
and Notary Public.
Office—Near Salvation Army Barracks,
Front Street, Wrangell, Alaska.

ROBERT W. JENNINGS
Attorney at Law
JUNEAU, ALASKA.
DR. HARRY C. DEVIGHNE
GENERAL PRACTICE.
Calls attended day or Night.
Wakefield Building, Wrangell, Alaska.

OLYMPIC
Restaurant
AND
BAKERY

Olympic Restaurant and Dairy Co., Props.

Wrangell, Alaska.

First-Class Meals, 35c. and Up.

Special Rates to Boarders.

Fresh Bread and Pastry

Always on hand.

Milk and Cream.

ICE CREAM

Made to Order on Short Notice.

WRANGELL

DRUG CO.

CARRIES AT ALL TIMES

Purest Drugs

Medicines

Chemicals

Fancy and

Toilet Articles

HEADQUARTERS FOR

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

Edward Ludecke

General Repairer of

Boots and Shoes.

All work left with me will be

Promptly and Satisfactorily Done.

Shop in Cagle building, next

door to Sinclair's store.

Wrangell, Alaska.

Wrangell Marble

..... Works

Keep in stock a fine line of mon-

uments and slabs manufactured

from the best product of the

Ham Island Marble Quarry

Stones securely crated for ship-

ping to all points in Alaska.

Lowery & Woodbridge

WRANGELL, ALASKA

Estate of Thomas Willson.

Estate of Rufus Sylvester.

Willson-Sylvester Estate

C. E. DAVIDSON, Receiver.

Manufacturers of

Rough and Dressed Lumber, Mouldings, and

Sun-dried Salmon Boxes.

Select Sun-Dried Boat Lumber always on hand,

including Spruce, Red Cedar and Yellow Cedar.

Dealers in

Groceries and Provisions, Hardware, Loggers'

Supplies, Cement, Lime, Iron Pipe Fittings, Doors,

Windows, Shingles, Etc., Etc.

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